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# THE HUTTLESTONIAN

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL

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Vol. 1

Spring Issue, 1924

No. 2

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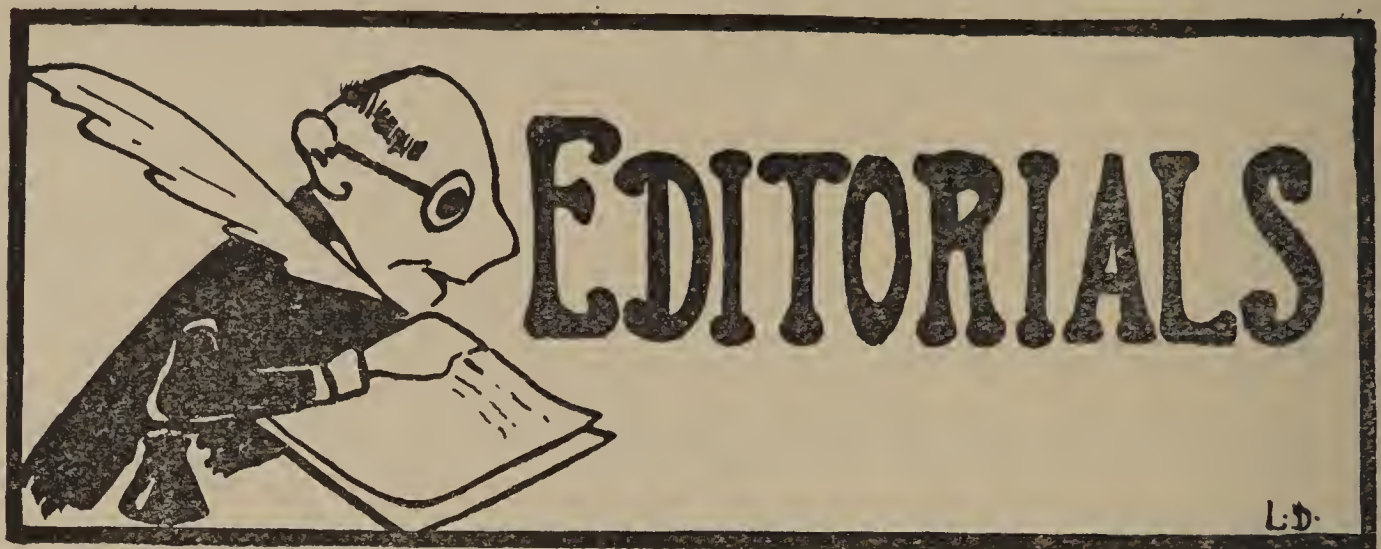
1924

## Gifts

HEAVEN sent are they and of God a part,  
The gifts that surge and sway the heart.  
We breathe them forth in a thought or a smile,  
To cheer and comfort for a while.

MURIEL CHAMBERLAIN, '26.





## Ten Minutes With The Principal.

**H**OME Work! Just eight simple letters—yet to some students the lock and key which keeps them from social activities. To other students, they are merely eight letters—nothing more. To still others who, unfortunately, do not compare favorably with either the first or second group above mentioned, these words are lights shining along the pathway of “Success.”

Now, getting right down to bed rock, what is “Home Work”? As Mr. Dickey says, it simply means “the concentration of the mind and will on the task at hand.” If the student himself lacks the incentive to study, his parents should furnish the necessary stimulus to carry him through. They should insist on a minimum of social events from Monday until Friday night.

Every student should fully realize what success in High School means. He is really building the foundation of his house for the future. It is up to him to do his best, so that he may face the world squarely, when the time comes, with a house that will stand all scrutiny of life’s critics. Suave speech and a persuasive manner are not always indicative of real worth.

Let us, therefore, take the right attitude toward our school work, and make the foundation for our future house a firm one!

FREDERICK V. SHEARD, '25.

### SPRING!

It is interesting to note at this time of the year that the noun which signifies energy is also the name of the season when no one has much energy! Spring is here again and with it the feeling of



overwork and laziness, called by some, "spring fever". The outside world is in accord with your spirits. One day it is cold, the next warm with a mixture of snow, rain, and sun.

If you are a student, you feel that all the universe is against you. Work never seemed heavier! Lessons never end! Teachers are unmerciful and a bore to you!

To be sure there is no real cure for this feeling—but it can be alleviated! How? Do some of the work you have been continually putting off. It will keep your mind and your hands busy. If you work with a will, it won't be long before you find yourself recovering from your attack of spring fever, and you will at least have something to show for it! Once more, then, the world will smile upon you.

### SHORT STORY CONTEST

The announcements of the results of the Boston Traveler Fifth Short Story Contest came to us after the last issue of the magazine had gone to print. We therefore take pleasure in announcing now that of the 125 stories to receive honorable mention, three were written by Fairhaven High School students: "Luck of the Viking", by Granville Prior; "Three Thousand Years Ago", by Hope Dudgeon; "The Hero of the Sixth", by Donald Axtell. The stories are printed elsewhere in this magazine.

To each author of these stories, The Traveler has given a "Certificate of Honorable Mention". The stories while not so good as the prize winners, were "mighty close" in the opinion of Mr. Rugg, the short story editor, and they all showed much promise.

It is several years since the High School has taken part in The Traveler's annual contest, and it will be interesting to the student body to know, that the stories written by their schoolmates were ranked in the first 125 of the 1,110 stories submitted by high school students from all over New England.

### MY REMEMBRANCE OF PORTO RICO

Miss Helen Mae Kidd, who lived in Porto Rico for several years, has consented to write her recollections of the island for the present issue of the magazine. Miss Kidd's impressions of this beautiful island on the boundary of the Caribbean Sea are most entertaining.

## Luck of the Viking

THE boys had strolled down to the wharf to watch the photographers take the pictures of the scenes in the coming whaling film, "Down to the Sea in Ships". Their grandfather, an old sea captain, had accompanied them. As they were watching the photographers busily at work, Bob suddenly looked up and asked his grandfather if he wouldn't tell them a story of whaling. His grandfather consented to do so. Sitting down on a pile of boxes the old man commenced his story:

"It was back in 1879 when the bark 'Viking' sailed out of New Bedford Harbor on a whaling expedition in the North Atlantic. Her crew consisted of Yankee sailors of New Bedford and mulattoes from Cape Verde. Her captain, Ben Harris, was one of the finest men that ever walked a deck. He was a typical Yankee whaler. The first mate was a man named Stevens. John Morgan, the second mate, was of medium height, broad chested, with muscles of almost herculean strength. A story about him says that once in a fit of rage he had thrown a heavy barrel of whale oil at his opponent. The third mate, Lem Shanks, was a long, thin man, rather loosely built, with eyes which never seemed to be still.

"As the vessel sailed out of New Bedford harbor, the captain on turning around from a conversation with the first mate chanced to see Lem Shanks regarding him with a sinister air that could not be-token anything but evil. Then and there deep under the skin, something told the captain that trouble was brewing in the form of the third mate.

"As the morning of the sixth day out dawned, the cheerful cry of 'Thar she blows' greeted the sailors. For a moment, the captain forgot the third mate and hurried to the starboard rail where the eyes of most of the crew were centered on a black object about one-half a mile from the ship. Immediately he ordered the boats to be lowered. In command of the first he placed Second Mate Morgan, the second he took command of himself, and in the third he placed First Mate Stevens. The Third Mate, Lem Shanks, he left in command of the 'Viking'. The whale, a young bull, was soon harpooned and towed back to the boat.

"While the three boats had been absorbed in getting the whale, the Third Mate and the other men left on board the 'Viking' had been



planning mutiny. As the boat of the First Mate drew nigh the bark, Shanks whispered to his fellow conspirators, 'Fight if the old man tries to put anything over on you.'

"The next three days were spent in cutting up the whale, trying the blubber, and barreling the oil. Late one night as the captain was watching some of the crew try blubber, chancing to look up, he saw the Third Mate regarding him with an evil glare. The next moment the eyes of the Third Mate appeared to be gazing on the ocean.

"Early on the morning of the fourth day after the harpooning of the whale, Captain Harris ordered several of the mutineers to swab the decks which were covered with grease and fat. The men said nothing, but made no motion to obey. The captain repeated the command. This was a signal for the mutineers. Immediately the deck was a mass of struggling figures. Everything from belaying pins to the sharp tools used in cutting up a whale were used as weapons. The Second Mate had seized a belaying pin and was using it with astounding effects on the heads of the mutineers. As the deck was slippery, many of the men slipped, striking their heads on the deck and rendering them unconscious for the time being. Out of the melée a voice suddenly yelled, 'Thar she blows and sparm at that'.

"Almost miraculously the mutiny was forgotten in the prospect of returning richly laden with oil. Boats were again over the side and in a trice everybody was thinking of whale and oil. This time the captain stayed on board with those who had been wounded in the fight. The Third Mate's boat was the first to get within harpooning distance of the whale. It proved to be a gigantic sperm whale. As the Third Mate was the best harpooner on the vessel he prepared to harpoon the whale. This he did with effect, striking the whale in the back. After being pulled miles by the whale, the boat was finally picked up by the 'Viking' and the whale was pulled alongside.

"After the process of simmering the blubber and getting the oil out, it was found that they had an unusual number of barrels of oil which would bring them a goodly sum of money. They then sailed for New Bedford. As the days went by Captain Harris expected mutiny to break out any minute. At last one cloudy morning it did break out. The crew had just sat down to eat their morning chow and while they were busily stuffing victuals into their stomachs the Third Mate seized a knife and hurled it at the Captain. Luckily for him the weapon did not go true to its mark but missed him by a scant

(Concluded on Page 24)

## The Rainbow

“What is a rainbow, my child?

And what does it mean to you?”

“ ’Tis a bright-colored arch set high in the sky,  
Of red, and yellow, and blue.”

“What is a rainbow, man?

And what does it mean to you?”

“ ’Tis the promise of God, which all through the years,  
Will forever and ever hold true.”

ELIZABETH S. SHERMAN, '24.

---

## The Dream Lady

The Dream Lady dwells in the silver moon,  
With the sky for a deep blue sea,  
She does up the bundles of pleasant dreams,  
And drops them to you and to me.

Slumber dream-fancies last not forever,  
They fade at the dawn of the day,  
And all fairy queens and all princely charms  
On airy wings vanish away.

But as soon as the night draws her curtain,  
And the silver moon sails the sea,  
The Dream Lady does up her pleasant dreams,  
And drops them to you and to me.

ELIZABETH S. SHERMAN, '24.



## A Pot-Pourri



THE Senior Dance is over. The view from the front of the High School arrests us, homeward bound. The new moon shines — lights gleam on the bridge and on the opposite bank of the river! Never before had we noticed the wonderful site of our school! The monument with its directing light bespeaks our benefactor.

The "Gym" looked the best ever at the Sophomore afternoon party. The committee surely deserves praise.

The party also has the distinction of having the most notable event of the year occur during its progress. It happened at the beginning of a Leap Year Dance. One of the male members of the faculty was asked the honor of the dance by a Sophomore girl.

A most tragic thing happened to the Seniors. They had chosen Bachrach as their official photographer. Several

days later, Oki Seizo, the newest and most fashionable in his line, made them an offer.

The fame of Fairhaven girls in athletics has spread far and wide. So much so that Miss French, Physical Director of the State, felt that she must come down from Boston to look them over.

Our boys made rather a good showing at the Boston Indoor Track Meet,—considerably better than the boys across the river. Why do we always feel so well satisfied with ourselves when we outdo New Bedford?

The Senior Play is over—but the bills are still coming in! The play went off very well and was given an exceedingly favorable write-up in the newspapers.

Miss Trowbridge has promised us a very interesting program for

(Concluded on Page 28)

## My Remembrances of Porto Rico

**S** EVEN hundred and fifty miles southeast of Havana, Cuba, on the northern boundary of the Carribean Sea, is the island of Porto Rico. The island, although only eighty by forty miles in area, (about the same acreage as Long Island, N. Y.), is one of the most densely populated in the world, having a population of more than one million, two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Of these the majority are black and mulatto, composed mostly of peons, who are the toilers of the fields, a machette frequently being the only implement they understand the use of. Although the blood of different classes mingles freely in their veins, they are on the whole an orderly, industrious, considerate people, anxious to acquire American ways. The peon's home is a rude hut or shack with mere holes to furnish light; as there is no cold weather, real windows and sashes are needless. The floor is uneven and unsteady. A hammock, a bunk, or a pile of palm branches for a bed, and boxes for chairs, complete the furnishings for these shacks. An iron kettle or some discarded tin cans are the only utensils for cooking which is done mainly out of doors. The food of these people consists of rice and beans, "toites", plantains, and coarse vegetables. Their clothing is cheap and scanty. Many little children go naked, and few ever wear shoes.

The white population is comprised of the owners of large "fincas", or plantations, producing sugar, coffee, and tobacco. Some of these men are interested also in sugar centrales, of which the second largest in the world is located at Guanica, Porto Rico. There are many thousand Americans, located mostly in the San Juan districts, who have followed the flag, and have made large investments in "fincas" devoted exclusively to the cultivation of grape fruits and oranges. The homes of these well-to-do people are very comfortable. The long double windows of the houses reach to the floor, and usually stand wide open. The floors are bare except for an occasional small rug. There is no upholstered furniture to be seen, and a marble topped table in the middle of the "sals" or living room is very characteristic.

One of my earliest impressions during my life on the island is the market. There the fruit venders carry on their heads great willow trays of fruits, piled high with luscious yellow and copper-colored



mangoes, heaps of casaba mellons, bananas of a dozen different varieties, alligator pears, and many other kinds, for which the English language has no names. The poultry and pigs are sold alive. Men go from house to house carrying on each arm fifteen or twenty chickens. Cigar and cigarette sellers are very numerous, and it is not out of the ordinary to see one of the native women going about her work smoking a long, black cigar.

One of the principal occupations of the inhabitants of the Caba Rojo district is the making of palm hats, some of which equal the finest panamas.

Mayaguez is the third largest city and is on the west coast, ranking first as a place of residence. Well do I remember the "Plaza". The one thing about it that amused me greatly as a child was to see that no black people walked on the side set apart for the whites. In the same family a girl may be white of skin and her sister or brother black or dark of complexion.

Before the American occupation, the towns and cities swarmed with beggars. During the Spanish administration there were few schools, whereas today there are seven hundred rural schools including high schools on the island, and a splendidly equipped experimental station at Mayaguez.

Throughout the entire year the climate is ideal, northeast trade winds blowing constantly. The temperature at night is at least twelve degrees cooler than the day, making wool blankets necessary. Although a considerable amount of traveling is done on horse back, there has never been a case of a horse being overcome by the heat. Nor do people suffer from sun stroke there. Small as the island is, there are more than a thousand miles of good macadamized roads, covering every section of the island, making automobiling a delightful relaxation. The scenery has been declared by tourists to be more beautiful than that of any other island in the world. This is why Porto Rico is called the "Pearl of the Antilles".

In 1918, a few years after I left the island, the west coast was swept by an earthquake followed by a tidal wave which left Mayaguez almost as completely ruined as Yokahama after her recent disaster. The reconstructed city is more up-to-date than the city with which I was familiar.

HELEN MAE KIDD, '24.



SINCE the last issue of "The Huttlestonian", the Faculty body as such has met only at teachers' meetings. Interests have been variously spread over student activities, the Senior play, and dramatics outside of school, and always, of course, by the all-important game of making teaching what they would like to have it.

One evening, all the teachers of the town were invited to attend a meeting of the Colonial Club where they were warmly greeted by the members and entertained by a lecture on "Fairhaven Houses" by Mr. Thomas Tripp. Humorous allusions to famous local characters, and bits of personal experience made the talk very entertaining. There was opportunity, too, for the teachers to meet many citizens of the town with whom they might otherwise not have become acquainted.

Several members of the Faculty, during the fall and winter, have been attending one or both of two courses given weekly in New Bedford under the University Extension system. Both courses were given especially for teachers, by professors from the Graduate School of Education at Harvard University. "Methods of Secondary School Education" was given by Professor Beatley, and "Principles of Elementary Education" by Professor Mirick.

Occasionally, groups of the Faculty follow other pursuits of a lighter nature,—getting plenty of exercise and black-and-blue spots in hilarious basketball games on certain afternoons in the school gymnasium.



## A Memory

FROM out of the somewhere into the glow  
Of the setting sun, came a memory dear,  
And I stood enthralled as it faded slow,  
For the memory to me had brought a tear.

A book, a rose, a ring, and then sorrow,  
The sun sank low in its golden bed,  
But no promise of a fair tomorrow  
Came with its rays of purple and red.

Alone I gazed far o'er the ocean's crest,  
The purple and red reflected there  
Dimmed, and were lost in its white foamy breast.  
Ah! deep in those depths lay my memory fair.

The evening star from its sunset bed  
Shone forth with glory and radiant light,  
Deepening the shadows as the darkness fled,  
Flooded the earth with God's love and might.

Flooded my heart with a deep peace and love,  
Lifted my cross,—and no fear I knew  
As I raised my eyes to that star above,  
In grateful thanks for that memory true.

MURIEL CHAMBERLAIN, '26.



Laborer—And have they tall buildings in America, Pat?

Pat—Tall buildings have they? Faith, Mike, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass.

—The Record.

\* \* \*

Teacher—What is the plural of mouse, John?

John—Mice.

Teacher—Correct. Now the plural of spouse?

John—Spice.

—The Widow.

\* \* \*

Professor—What is density?

Student—I can't define it, but I can give an illustration of it.

Professor—The illustration is good. Sit down!

—Juggler.

\* \* \*

The first number of the daily paper issued by Henry Ford, the motor car manufacturer, had a dashing headline across the front page: "What Can We Do for Suffering Humanity?"

A rival paper had an answering line next day: "Put Another Spring in the Cushions, Henry."

—The Automobilist.

During a dust storm at one of the army camps, a recruit sought shelter in the cook's tent.

"If you'd put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much dust in your soup."

"See here, my lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," replied the recruit, "but not to eat it."

—Brown.

\* \* \*

A visitor said to a little girl: "And what will you do, my dear, when you are as big as your mother?"

Said the modern child, "Diet."

—Tit-Bits (London).

\* \* \*

Dr. Mackintosh took a trip to Buffalo recently where he was presented with a parrot. Doc believes he knows all about parrots, and undertook to teach what he thought to be a young mute bird to say "Hello!" in one lesson. Going up to its cage he repeated that word in a clear voice for several minutes. The parrot at first paid not the slightest attention. At the final "Hello!", however, the bird opened one eye, gazed at the man, and snapped out, "Line's busy!"

—Life.



"If a farmer has four thousand bushels of wheat," said the teacher, "and sells them at sixty cents a bushel, what would he get?"

To which a pupil enthusiastically replied: "An automobile!"

—Ladies' Home Journal.

\* \* \*

"Oh, Mrs. Brown," exclaimed the newly married next-door neighbor breathlessly, preparatory to borrowing some supplies she was temporarily out of: "Do your hens lay good eggs?"

"Well," Mrs. Brown replied consideringly, "they haven't laid a bad one yet."

—Ladies Home Journal.

\* \* \*

"Eliza," said a friend of the family to the old colored washerwoman, "have you seen Miss Edith's financee?"

Eliza pondered for a moment, then bent over the laundry tubs once more. "No, ma'am," she said, "it ain't been in the wash yet."

—University Press.

\* \* \*

It was Mrs. Foley's first ride in a taxi, and she watched with growing alarm the driver continually putting his hand outside the car as a signal to following traffic. At last she became exasperated.

"Young man," she said, "you look after that car of yours and watch where you are going; I'll tell you when it starts raining."

—Punch.

Man—Is New York the next stop?

Porter—Yes sah; brush you off sah?

Man—No, I'll get off myself.

—Western Christian Advocate.

\* \* \*

Teacher—What is "can't" the abbreviation of?

Freshman—Cannot.

Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, what is "don't" the abbreviation of?

Freshmen—Doughnut.

—Selected.

\* \* \*

"Why the difference in Pullman berths?"

"Well, you see the lower is higher than the upper and the higher price is for the lower. If you want the price lower you have to go higher. They sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher is lower. Most people do not like the upper although it is lower because it is higher. When you have an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. But if you are willing to go higher, it will be lower. Take your choice!"

—Club News.

\* \* \*

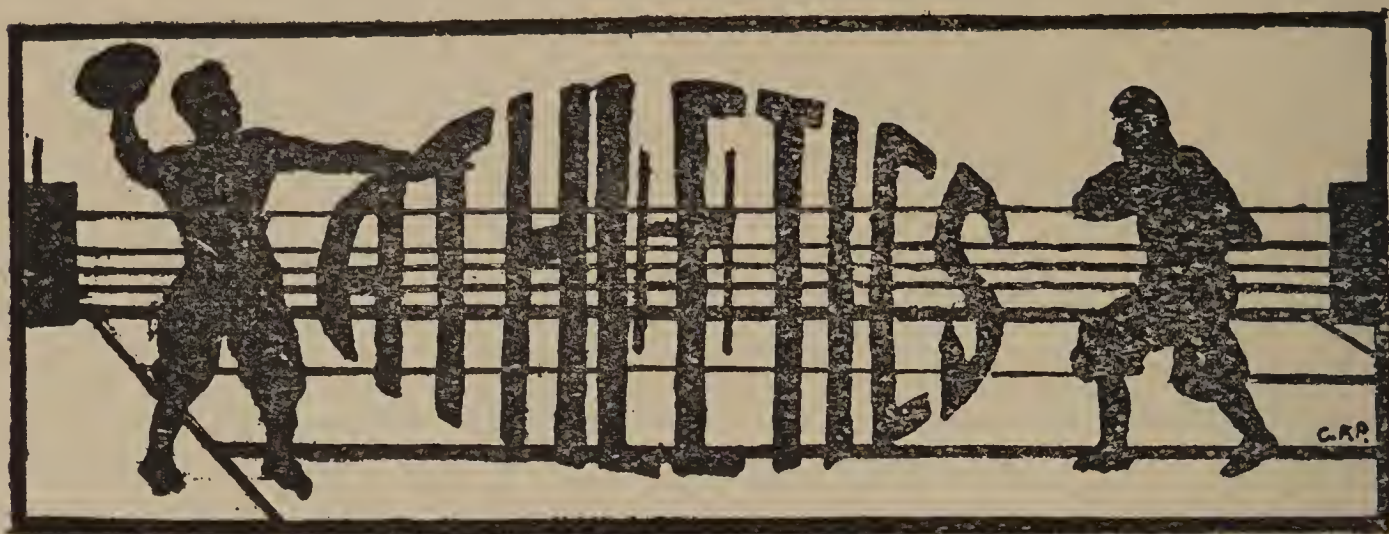
"What is your profession?"

"I was an organist."

"What made you give it up?"

"The monkey died."

—The Tiger.



THE Football Season was a success as a whole, though the first two games were lost, owing to a lack of experience. The principal games on the schedule were those with Whitman, Durfee, and New Bedford. We played Durfee here, and although the latter was favored to win, our boys did not fail us and came out of the battle with a winning score of 7-0. The next game was at Whitman, and the resultant score 7-6 in our favor. The New Bedford game was played at Sargent Field and was a thriller! The game was well played and cleanly fought. It ended in a scoreless tie.

At the close of the season the superior work of Captain Hawkins, Hirst, Silvia, Pflug, and Cieurzo won for them a place on the All-Bristol County Team.

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The Basketball Team started the season in good trim, winning four straight games and losing to Durfee. After that, the outlook was discouraging for only one game was won. Although beaten in hard-fought games, Fairhaven was in the battle until the final whistle blew.

Lineup:

R F.—D. Barnes

L. F.—E. York

C.—J. Hawkins

R. G.—C. Hirst

L. G.—Captain F. Pflug

Substitutes—C. Holland, P. Hoxie, J. O'Leary

(Concluded on Page 32)



## The First State Basketball Meeting

THE first state basketball meeting was held in the Y. W. C. A. building at Boston. The girls of the Fairhaven High School thought that it would be a good chance to get some ideas for their basketball team, so the Girls' Athletic Association sent two delegates—Marjorie Coombs, the captain, and Elizabeth Jason.

It was explained at the meeting why girls did not play boy's rules and three reasons were given: 1. The average girl is not strong enough to endure the hard playing that is required in a boy's game. 2. There is more team work in a girl's game and that means not so much individual playing. 3. The most important—that *a girl's health comes first, and the game second.*

The question of "out of bounds" was discussed. It was asked if the wall should be called "out of bounds". The chairman of the meeting said her opinion was that it should not because one should stand outside of the boundary line to throw the ball in. In some cases, the wall is used as a seventh player, and when this is true it should be called "out of bounds."

One of the most important subjects talked about was the one line game, played on a small floor. Several of the officials found that there was likely to be considerable bunching or "boxing up". To stop this, the center or side center, now called "guard" or "forward", should stay nearer the center of the floor, and let the other guards or forwards pass out to center and in that way give the forwards a chance to move about and get free. This is called "triangle formation" and does away with all the bunching spoken of before.

It is absolutely impossible for the referee to see each individual player all the time. For this reason, umpiring was introduced. The only fault to find with an umpire is that his attention can be drawn away from the backfield by the game. It was suggested that the umpire do more work, and in this way the game might be brought up to a higher level of sportsmanship.

ELIZABETH JASON, '24.

## The Health Code

SOME time ago the question arose, why, if in colleges, normal schools, and grammar schools a "Health Code" was usually followed, it wasn't practical to have one in the Fairhaven High School. The motion was put before the Girls' Athletic Association and accepted. Every girl was requested to do her best in contributing ideas for a "Health Code" that would make the girls of Fairhaven more fit. All the ideas passed in were read, and the printed code has been made up of the best material turned in.

The "Health Code" is to be followed at all times; if it is only followed now and then, the results are not going to be satisfactory. If we all live up to this code, we will be happier and there will be a general all around improvement in the health of the girls. We believe also that the attendance at Fairhaven High School, as far as the girls are concerned, will be of a higher percentage.

Mr. Parkinson has printed the "Health Code", and each girl is to be given a copy. We were proud to give the first copy to Miss French, assistant supervisor of physical education in Massachusetts, on her recent visit here.

G. A. A.

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## LUCK OF THE VIKING

(Concluded from Page 13)

half inch and sank quivering in the side of the ship. After a short fight the mutineers were subjugated. At last, one starlit November evening the 'Viking' sailed into New Bedford Harbor. The oil sold for a good price and the profit was divided evenly among the crew, the mutineers included.

"Such was the luck of the 'Viking'," concluded the old captain.

GRANVILLE PRIOR, '27.



## The Commercial Club



THE purpose of the Commercial Club is to help its members in such ways as will prove useful in later years. Various talks by Senior members have been given at the meetings during the year, which have been very interesting as well as advantageous to the pupils.

Among the many topics scheduled for the programs, perhaps the two which were appreciated most by the Club members, were those on "Office Dress" and "Office Efficiency".

Regarding the first, it was stated that the manner of dress was one of the essentials of a good business woman. Plain, dark clothing is always preferable to bright showy garments. The appearance of the men in the office is as important as that of the women. Their clothing should also be

given particular attention. Neatly pressed suits, and well kept shoes are necessary, for they are, perhaps, the most noticeable part of a man's apparel. In the office dress of both the men and the women, simplicity should be the motto.

Efficiency is the key-note of the business world. It necessitates responsibility and thoughtfulness. Unnecessary questions on the part of the employee are always unwise. In order to appeal to an employer, one should have poise and an easy manner. The art of being congenial is also a helpful aid to any business man or woman.

Other topics which received consideration were those on "Office Telephone" and "Office Manners".

MARGERY COOMBS, '24.

## What a French Movie Critic Thinks of “Down to the Sea in Ships”

**A**N AMERICAN film will soon be presented in France, under the title of “The Harpoon Tragedy of the Sea”. A monster whale plays one of the principal roles in this piece.

During the nineteenth century, the “blubber hunters” of Massachusetts won great wealth through the oil industry. A descendant of a family of the whaling dynasty, Mr. John M. Pell, of New Bedford, determined to reconstitute in a film, the different episodes of a whale hunt as it took place years ago. This project was acclaimed with enthusiasm by the New Bedford Quakers, who got out antique costumes from the family wardrobes, and refitted the oldest whaling bark, the “Charles W. Morgan”, built in 1841.

A scenario was made, the action of which took place seventy-five years ago. Then the difficulties started. The principal character must first become a full-fledged whaleman, and in order to do this Raymond McKee lived a year and a half in the Artic Seas on a whaling bark. When McKee became a first class harpoonist, the cruise was made. A special motorboat having two cameramen, followed them as closely as possible through all their adventures. The expedition captured five whales. One of them was a giant, weighing eighty-six tons. When Mr. McKee harpooned him, the whale made a great plunge, then commenced a frantic course dragging after it at a dizzy pace, the boatload of whalemen. Suddenly, the monster about faced, and swimming under the boat, he lifted it with a furious blow of his tail, overturning it. The expression of fear on McKee’s face was not simulated here. The six men disappeared in a froth of blood and foam. The adventure was particularly hazardous as sharks often follow the trail of the blood of a wounded whale. The wounded animal soon died of its wounds, and its valuable parts were hoisted on board ship where the oil was extracted. Thus through this and many other interesting historic incidents, traditions which are fast disappearing, are preserved for a short while longer.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH BY JEROME TRIPP, '23.



## The Roman of Old

O H, THE Roman was a rogue  
He erat, was, you bettum  
He ran his automobiles  
And smoked his cigarettum;  
He wore a diamond stuckibus  
And elegant cravatum,  
A Maxima cum laude shirt  
And such a stylish hattum,

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hoc,  
And bet on games and equi  
At times he won; at others, though  
He got it in the nequi.  
He winked, (quousque tandem?)  
At puellas on the forum,  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladitorial  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial,  
He often went on sprees,  
And said on starting homus,  
“Hic labor, opus est,  
Oh, where’s my hic-haec-domus?”

Although he lived in Rome—  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ’l;  
Oh, what a different thing  
Was the homo (dative homini)  
Of far away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini!

—HARVARD LAMPOON.

## Domestic Science

AS I WAS walking by the closet in the cooking room the other day, I heard someone talking in a low voice. Wondering who could be in so small a space, I peeped in. The spoon and the eggbeater were there on the shelf, quietly conversing together.

"If you could have made the candy I helped make, you would have something to be proud of," retorted the spoon.

"What kind was it?" questioned the eggbeater.

"Chocolate Cream Candy—2 cups brown sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk; 2 squares chocolate; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 2 tablespoon butter. Boil all together until it will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire and beat until it begins to thicken. Add the vanilla, and one cup of broken nut meats, if desired, and pour into a shallow pan. When cool cut into squares."

"That's all very well, but you should have seen the candy I made," replied the eggbeater.

"Divinity Fudge—2 cups sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla;  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup Karo;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nut meats;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water;  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound dates, stoned and cut fine; 2 eggs (whites only). Cook sugar, Karo and water till crisp when tried in cold water. Beat whites of eggs in large bowl, and pour syrup slowly onto them, beating whole till it begins to harden. Add vanilla, nut meats and dates. Spread thick on shallow buttered tin. When nearly cool cut into squares."

I laughed and closed the door, leaving them trying to excel each other in boasting of the good things they had helped to make.

RUTH P. AVERY, '26.

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## A POT-POURRI

(Concluded from Page 15)

music week. She intends to have several soloists at the morning assemblies, and on Friday evening of that week the High School Chorus and Orchestra will probably give their concert.

MARGARET GOGGIN, '24.



FOREWORD: The following account was suggested to the author, after a visit recently made by the members of the Senior Sewing Class to the Textile School in New Bedford.—The Editor.

## The Journey of Some Balls of Cotton

O H! HOW good it felt to be unpacked after traveling such a long way from our home in the sunny South!

As soon as we reached the Textile School, we were put in huge machines which, at first, frightened us. We were then torn apart, pressed into sheets, and beaten so that all the dirt and waste material would come out. How soft and silky we looked afterwards.

Before we could be made into yarns and threads, we went through so many processes our heads fairly whirled. Finally it was time to say farewell, for we were to be separated.

Some of us were made into underwear, some were dyed and made into stockings. The rest of us were dyed and woven into cloth of various patterns which, I heard one of the men say, were designed by the boys who study at the school.

"No one would recognize me now," said a prettily designed piece of cloth, as she flounced her skirts. "I wish for no better fate than to be fashioned into a charming frock to be worn by some lovely, little girl."

ELIZABETH SHERMAN, '24.

## Live Right

Revere honor,  
To truth hold tight,  
Follow these principles,  
And you'll live right.

Let conscience be your armour,  
And truth be your crest,  
And in the crucial hour,  
You'll stand the hardest test.

ELEANOR C. WALSH, '25.

## Science

**D**O YOU know that the United States has 143 national forests, covering 156,000,000 acres, set aside and maintained by Uncle Sam for the pleasure and profit of his citizens,—for you and for 'me?

Do you know that our national wood pile is getting low? Every year we use 24,000,000 cubic feet, we lose through fire, insects, blights and other natural causes 1,700,000 cubic feet, and we grow in new timber only 6,000,000 cubic feet?

You would find out these and ever so many other interesting things if you studied botany this year.

### HOW WE STUDIED ABOUT FORESTRY

Every day one member of the class gave a special topic on forestry. These topics required personal investigation on the part of each pupil. The subjects covered the work of forestry from the very beginning until the present time. First, the history of the forest was studied, not only in connection with the United States, but also with many European countries, and the present extent of our timber lands was compared with that of different nations. Next came the tree itself, on which many topics were given, including its requirements for growth, its structure and utilization. The point especially emphasized was the protection of the forest against the ravages of animals, insects, fires, and floods.

KATHERINE GOGGIN, '25.

### LONG AGO AND NOW

When did this work of forestry originate? One might think it very old, because surely the forests are the oldest living things on earth. But not until the twelfth or thirteenth century did the work of forestry begin, and then only on a very small scale. Forestry was not begun in America till 1880.

As the European nations grew in population and covered more territory, they cut down the forests wherever they settled. It was not long before they felt the need of lumber, so after a while they learned to set aside forests, and when a tree was cut down another one was planted in its place. This method of forestry was carried out throughout Europe, and especially in Germany. It is said that



in some of the towns of Switzerland, the taxes are almost unbelievably low, because the town secures all its revenue from its forests. Roosevelt introduced this plan into America, and with the help of Pinchot, then the National Forester, established it as the policy of our national forestry service. The early settlers in America did not think of using such a plan, because they thought that the vast tract of forest land which they found here could not be exhausted. Instead they not only used but wasted the forest lands. The time is rapidly approaching when the extravagant people of America must realize the need of improved forestry methods.

CALVIN FRED PERKINS, '25.

### FOREST FIRES

The report on forest fires was interesting to me. The damage done to the trees is enormous. Homes and families are wiped out and towns destroyed by the ravaging flames. The hearts of the American people are more ready to heal the wounds by lavish outlay than to prevent for the future. As a summary I would say of forest fires—they reduce the extent of the forest area by destroying growing timber, they prevent reproduction by deteriorating soil, killing seedlings, and consuming seeds, and they hinder vigorous and healthy development of trees.

MARJORIE TUPPER, '24.

### THINGS NOT FOUND IN TEXTBOOKS

Each one in the class sent for a booklet entitled "Forest Trees of Massachusetts and How You May Know Them" from the state department of forestry. This illustrates and describes every species of tree in Massachusetts.

Through the influence of "The Improvement Association", a moving picture and lecture on the forests of our state were given in the Town Hall. We actually saw what a forest fire will do, and what can be done to prevent or check it. We saw how a tree is cut, noticing that they were careful not to let it fall on young trees. We saw the log drive, the tree nurseries, and the vast lands now covered with forests. To us they seemed enormous, but they are vanishing rapidly.

LOUISE LOPES, '26.

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## History

### Selections from Davis' Readings

#### "SHELL SHOCK"

**E**PIZELUS, an Athenian, was in the thick of the fray, and behaving himself as a brave man should, when suddenly he was stricken with blindness, without blow of sword or dart; and this blindness continued thenceforth during the whole of his after life. The following is the account which he himself, as I have heard, gave of the matter: he said that a gigantic warrior, with a huge beard which shaded all his shield, stood over against him; but the ghostly semblance passed him by, and slew the man at his side. Such, as I understood, was the tale which Epizelus told.

This is the earliest recorded case—  
at Battle of Marathon 190 B. C.

#### HOME SWEET HOME IN GREECE

**B**UT the best thing of all I had nigh forgotten. When I come home (at night) with my fee, then all the family run to greet me for the money's sake. First of all my daughter washes and anoints me, and stooping over me gives me a kiss, and, wheedling me, at the same time fishes out the three-obol piece (9 cents) with her tongue.\* Then my little woman having won me over with her flattery, brings me a nice barley-cake and then sitting down by my side constrains me, saying, "Eat this," "Gobble that."—Do I not hold a mighty empire?

\* Greeks very commonly carried a coin by putting it in their cheek.

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### ATHLETICS

(Concluded from Page 22)

The Track Team has lived up to its former reputation. Three times it has been represented in large school meets at Boston. In the State Meet, Fairhaven scored four and a half points, placing them near the top of the list in Class B. A few weeks ago, the team despite the loss of Spooner, came second to Somerville, and succeeded in beating Winthrop. Dual meets with New Bedford have been planned in the near future by Mr. Pidgeon.

JOHN O'LEARY, '24.



## Civics

DURING the past months, we, the members of the classes in Civics, have been learning many new and puzzling things. We have adjusted our horn-rimmed glasses, hitched our chair nearer the living room lamp, subdued little sister with one brotherly look full of ominous meaning, and buried our noses in a certain blue covered book, entitled "Community Civics". Each night we have endeavored to fathom the mystery of the terms which the teacher so glibly talks about in class—"gerrymandering", "quorum", "strict construction", "direct primary".—And yet one day, when we took our place in Room 8, we were not quite sure whether it was "millinery" or military powers that congress possesses, or when we vote whether we cast a "ballad" or a ballot.

As you have doubtless guessed, we have been studying the fundamentals of government, both state and national. In connection with the work, there have been frequent special reports of interest, and occasional illustrated lectures on subjects such as "Washington, the Nation's Capital", "Hawaii", "The Philippines".

Realizing the important part that the daily newspaper plays in the life of the average American citizen, much time has been given to a survey of current events. In one class a reporter was appointed to present each day the latest developments of the "Teapot Dome Inquiry".

To supplement the study of the National Court system, a visit to the local court in New Bedford is planned.

PALMA CHAMPEGNY, '27.

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## Plans

Many are the mighty things,  
That we may plan to do,  
But how good it seems to be  
Sincere, trustworthy, true.

ELEANOR C. WALSH, '25,

## Music

IT HAS been said that the famous hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers" is the most beloved one ever written. Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould, the author, was a young curate of Horbury Bridge School when he wrote it. The incident that led to the writing of the hymn was as follows:

The children of his school were to march to the neighboring village on the next day to join forces from another school, as it was Whitmonday, the day of school festivities. The journey was unusually long; therefore, Gould thought it would be a good idea to have the children sing as they marched, as it would probably help them to forget their weariness. So he sat down that night to try to find a hymn with the right amount of inspiration. After searching through old favorites and not being able to find any to his liking, he wrote the words of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

The next day the children set out singing the new hymn. It met with such favor, that people began to request a copy of the song, and they in turn were soon singing it.

Reverend Gould composed this processional hymn in 1865, and it was sung to the tune of "Brightly Gleams Our Banner". However, it did not shine in its old setting, so Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose operas and "The Lost Chord" are known the world over, composed the stirring march to which it is now sung.

Gould also composed the lovely vesper hymn "Now the Day Is Over".

DOROTHEA R. PAULL, '26.

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## SCIENCE

(Concluded from Page 31)

### WHAT WE THOUGHT ABOUT IT ALL

So strongly was the necessity of immediate forest conservation impressed upon us, that the great problem was brought home to us as something in which we were vitally concerned. I am sure that the majority of the class in the future will seek to impress it upon others and to practice what they preach.

LETITIA MAXSON, '25.



## Manual Arts

IN ADDITION to the regular work in printing, the department has been offering a course in book repairing with Cuthbert Tunstall in charge as assistant to Mr. Parkinson. Many text-books have been salvaged and reclaimed; each book is sent back with a notice pasted on the fly-leaf—"Handle with Care".

Messrs. Johnson and Terry have been doing most of the senior class printing such as the program for the Senior Play, the Song Recital, and Graduation.

New fonts of type have been bought and added to the stock, which is now quite large.

Beginning the month of May, the printing room will be a scene of great activity. Hundreds of copies containing the courses of study must be set up and run off, and there will be few idlers, who cannot find work to do.

Paul Cieurzo's fingers are always a source of trouble to that individual while setting type, and Roger Holmes has not yet grown tall enough to set type without the aid of a box. With these exceptions, everything is running smoothly, and the writer foresees a busy half year for the Printing Department.

BRADFORD TERRY, '24.

SEVERAL pieces of furniture nicely made have been turned out thus far this year by the advanced students in wood-working.

Alexander Nash recently exhibited a cedar chest. Rough timber was received from Tennessee on December 15, 1923 and the chest was completed on January 25, 1924. The latter and Fred Pflug have built on contract, four bookcases and a study table.

Cuthbert Tunstall is reproducing antiques, and has just finished a beautiful mahogany butterfly tea table, the original of which stands in the Metropolitan Museum.

We expect to hear from George Oldham and Nathaniel Pope in yachting circles this summer, as they are building to scale from plans, 36 inch model sloops. Mr. Lipton, look to your laurels in 1934!

John Parker is hustling and hopes to finish his Tea Wagon before he graduates in 1925.

Radio cabinets are being made by the score by various students.

Bradley Drake's quartered-oak library table is nearing completion, and should win a prize from every point of view.

CUTHBERT W. TUNSTALL, '26.

## Three Thousand Years Ago

MANY years ago in Egypt there lived a mighty Pharaoh. This Pharaoh had one daughter, Iris, who was kind and beautiful. She taught all her slaves to read and write. The court life had never interested the Princess until one day a stranger was brought before the Pharaoh. He was in chains. The charge brought against him was false. That much the Pharaoh found out; but what or who the stranger was led away.

The Princess, who had taken a fancy to the young man, asked if he might serve her. Her father replied in the affirmative, and the stranger was led away.

The next morning the Princess was awakened by a noise of shouting, which was immediately followed by a deep silence. The Princess, Iris, rose and ran to her window. As she arrived, she heard a short, sharp crash, and leaning forward to see what it was, became conscious of a dust which, when she breathed it, stung her nostrils. The next moment she discerned through the veil of dust the ruins of an immense statue.

The Princess, running for the door, was stopped by her slave. "It is time for your bath, Princess," said the slave calmly.

"What?" exclaimed the Princess. "Do you mean to stand there and say that, when a great statue has fallen?"

"Pardon, my Princess," answered the slave, "but the statue has been pulled down by ropes. Even now the slaves, led by the stranger, are taking the pieces away."

"But why," queried the Princess in bewilderment, "should he tear down the statue?"

"Do you remember," the slave answered one question with another, "when a child, of having a story told you about your great, great grandshire, Medammon?"

"Certainly," replied the Princess, "it was about a young man who came to Egypt from Chaldea and pulled down just such a statue right in front of the Pharaoh's nose. The Pharaoh was astonished at the young man's pluck, so he gave him his throne when he died and named him Medammon."

"Right," said the slave. "This young man has done the same thing. However, you left out an important part in your story. The



young man, your grandsire, pulled the statue down because—”

“There were precious jewels inside it!” broke in the Princess.

“Yes,” the slave corroborated. “Well, this young man has found the jewels but your father has found that the young man is the son of an old enemy of his; therefore, he doesn’t get the jewels, but is to be put in prison.”

“That is not right!” exclaimed the Princess. “Father has said that if anyone found the jewels of Kaphan he should have promise of the throne. I am going to see father.”

After the Princess had gone, the slave withdrew from the room and made her way to her own quarters. As soon as she was gone the young man stepped into the room. Looking about him, he finally found what he sought, a huge vase with the words “Tear Vase” inscribed upon it. This vase contained a huge necklace of pearls. He counted ten from the right hand side of the clasp and pushed against the pearl. It opened, revealing a tiny black seed. Taking this in his mouth he went from the room as the Princess entered on the opposite side.

The Princess had succeeded in getting her father to release the young man on the condition that he would leave the court. It was the Princess who was to tell him he must leave.

Meanwhile the young man had made his escape. Taking a camel, he set out for an oasis in the desert about five miles from the court of the Pharaoh. Once there, he planted the seed which he had stolen from the Princess’ room. He remained in this place about eight weeks. Nothing disturbed him except the animals around. Finally he decided to go back to the Pharaoh’s court, and three days later he set out.

The Princess Iris was walking in the garden when she saw the young man whom she had been thinking of ever since his escape. “What!” she cried, “are you back here? Where is my seed?”

“Princess Iris,” said the young man, calmly, “I have come to ask you to marry me as soon as possible.”

“Sir, that is a rather cool way to propose to a Princess, but I accept if you will get my father to agree.” The Princess was as calm as the young man.

“Then I will see your father at once,” said the young man as he walked away.

The Princess fled to her room and laughed out of pure happiness. "It is funny," said she, "to be proposed to like that." Then, forgetting it for the time, she sat down to write a story for the slaves to read aloud.

The young man walked into the throne room, and, bowing low, began at once to tell his story.

"When I was a child a story was told me of the jewels of Kaphan and a tiny black seed. I came here to find the jewels and the seed. The jewels I found, as you know, under the statue. The seed I found in the Princess' room. You do not know the value of the seed, but I do, and so I went to the Oasis of Triphune and planted it there. It is now a strong young tree bearing fruit which you have never seen before, and which is delicious."

"Young man," said the Pharaoh, "you need go no farther. The next thing is to ask for the Princess Iris. This I readily grant you. When I die, you rule, Tutankhamen!"

The young man waited to hear no more. Hardly bowing to the Pharaoh he went to hunt for the Princess. He found her.

In due time they were married, and finally "King Tut" came to the throne. When he died he was buried in a tomb, and his wife—? Who knows but what they will discover her tomb also?

HOPE DUDGEON, '27.

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## Showers

THE gym door isn't large enough when Miss Cady says, "Girls for Showers."

What a rush!

"Who's going to be ready first?"

"Oh, the water's cold!"

"The water in my shower is just right."

All these exclamations and many more are heard in our shower section on any day.

Under the present ruling we are given the privilege of taking two showers a week, but some of us enjoy taking them so much that we manage to get one every day that we have "gym" classes. When we know that we are going to have a shower, we don't mind working hard and getting sweaty in the gymnasium class. After taking a

(Concluded on Page 46)



## Twinkles!

### IN THE HISTORY CLASS

Teacher—What harmless amusements were considered crimes in Cromwell's time?

Student—Throwing Christians to the lions!

Teacher—What Saxon was killed at the Battle of Hastings?

Brilliant Pupil—Henry VIII., wasn't it?

Pupil—John Brown was executed before he died.

Mr. Staples—It seems so!

### ACCORDING TO SOME OF OUR STUDENTS

"Luther at first studied law, but later became a nun in a large monastery."

"A blockade is a fence around a harbor."

### JUST IMAGINE

Waldo Haydon without a repartee.

"Bill" Bruce minus an argument.

"Freddie" Perkins not writing something "different" in English.

No green on March 17 at F. H. S.

"Johnny" with no sign of "Judy".

The Seniors without some censure from the Faculty.

Room 4 without its usual gathering.

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## Vis'tin'

I LIKE to go to see my Aunt,  
'Cause she's so nice to me;  
She lets me eat oh!—lots of cake,  
And pep'mints, even tea.

She has a fat, old, woolly dog,  
Which I just love to tease,  
But afterwards I do itch so—  
I think that dog's got fleas.

Still—when at last to bed I go,  
I feel so lonesome—queer,  
And then I wish I was back home,  
With Mother sitting near.

ELEANOR PHINNEY, '25.

## The Hero of the Sixth

IT WAS a hot day in the spring of 1915 when Richard Blaine, a young man of twenty years, burst into the sitting-room of the Blaine homestead. It could be seen plainly that he was excited about something. He rushed to his mother and cried, "Oh! Mother, I am going to do it. I feel I must."

"What is it that you want to do my son?" asked his mother quietly.

"Why, join the forces in France and help to win this great war. Oh! Mother, you don't know, you can't know what it means to me! A recruiting officer has been telling me of the need of men for the air service. He said that in two months' time I could be ready to go to France."

"I think perhaps I understand better than you suspect," replied his mother with an expression in her eyes that Dick had never seen before. "But have you thought how much we need you, your father and I?"

Dick gazed steadily back into two eyes as brown and fearless as his own. His voice was steady as he spoke, and there was a far away look in his eyes as he answered, "I know, mother, but they need me even more than you, those French and Belgians left homeless and starving over there."

"I will talk it over with your father, Dick, and if he feels as you do, we will let you go," and Mrs. Blaine gazed suddenly out of the window that her son might not know the cost.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Blaine talked for several hours together and the result of their heart to heart conference was that if the boy wanted to go, then go he should.

Several days later Dick's train was speeding southward and an emptiness and loneliness pervaded the Blaine homestead, such as it had never known before.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two months later, a well known figure clad in aviation costume emerged from the great doorway of an airdrome "somewhere in France". Dick had arrived at last in the land of his dreams. The past eight weeks had not been easy ones for him, filled as they were with the rigor of intensive training. During that time he had learned the working parts and the construction of the many different models



of airplanes. There, too, he had met certain others of the young men whose ambition was to soar above the clouds. In his own particular section of four men, there was, beside Dick, a small stout man of about twenty-two, named Edward Cassidy whom the boys called "Bud" for short. The third member was a tall, thin man from Texas whose name was Thomas Longfield but who was always known as "Shorty". The fourth and last member of the little group was a young doctor who had left college when the war broke out, James Hilton, better known as "Jimmie". They were each of them pals of whom Dick was very proud, and all were loyal members of grand old Company Six.

Dick sauntered slowly toward his airplane which lay glistening in the sunlight. He remembered with a touch of pride the first successful flight that he had made, the short word of commendation from "Grouchy", his instructor, and the enthusiastic welcome that had been given him by "Shorty" and "Jimmie" and "Bud". And after that there had been the trick flying to be learned, so necessary to outmanœuvre the enemy, the side slips, the nose dives and tail spins. He recalled, too, his brief furlough at home, the courage of his mother's farewell smile, the handshake of his father that spoke far more than lips could say, the sailing out of New York harbor, and the trip across by transport, guarded by destroyers on every side.

Dick was awakened suddenly from his reverie by the voice of his commanding officer who informed him of a raid to be made that night over the German lines.

"You're in charge", the officer cautioned him, "and the honor of the Sixth is in your hands."

"Thank you, sir," rejoined Dick quietly. "It's the opportunity I've been longing for and you may count on me to do my best."

That night seven machines glided silently into the pitch black darkness overhead. Taking a V-shaped formation they flew rapidly eastward. The firing from the guns below, which earlier in the evening had been a ceaseless roar, was now but intermittent. For several hours they traveled at full speed. The first streaks of early dawn were already lighting the east when of a sudden, the leader dipped his machine sharply to one side—the signal that the enemy was sighted. In the dim light Dick was able to determine the number of the enemy planes; the odds were nine to seven against him at the start. He set his jaw more firmly as he realized that the enemy

planes had seen them and were altering their course for an encounter. So it had to be a fight, did it? Well, he would be ready for them.

At a sudden signal, Dick and those with him began to rise. Up, up they went, two, three, four thousand feet. The enemy also rose manoeuvring for position, but the Franco-American patrol was still over them as the battle opened. The crackle of machine guns burst upon the morning air as Dick and his plucky squadron rushed into the spray of bullets. He picked as his opponent, a big two-seater and started after him. His enemy dodged and went into a nose-dive as Dick launched a steady stream of bullets after the retreating plane. Dick felt a quiver go through his body as something thudded into the seat beside him. Straight for the enemy he dove. Would he get him or not, he wondered, as he shot a fusillade from the forward machine gun. And now—yes. Hurrah! The Boche was falling.

He watched his opponent crash hopelessly; then bringing his machine around, he began again to rise. Nearby, he sighted something that made his heart leap—a huge German plane about to rush upon a French machine. Again Dick shot into action, and from an unsuspected quarter he poured into the hostile plane a stream of bullets. The enemy wheeled into a tail-spin and coming up from under caught Dick from behind. He felt a sudden pang in his left arm followed by a stinging pain. His machine began to fall. With one last effort he sought to bring it about and on an upward slant, at the same time training his gun once more upon the enemy. His machine continued to fall and to his horror he found that the propellor was broken. He knew that hence forward he was useless in the fight. As he fell through the air, trying desperately to guide his crippled machine safely to the ground, he saw an airplane shoot past him, bursting into flame. It was the German—his second opponent in the fight. So he had won after all! What mattered it now if he were killed? He saw the ground below rise up to meet him. With one last desperate effort he sought to win his upward way. Then his plane struck, rolled along a bit, and collapsed. Dick lost consciousness.

When he came to, he found himself in a hospital where he learned officially that he had put out of commission the two German planes. He never knew how he happened to come safely to earth in a broken plane, nor did he care, he thought, as he lay looking happily upward into the face of his commanding officer.

DONALD AXTELL, '25,





Among the latest books added to the English Department are the following:

**THE ATLANTIC BOOK OF MODERN PLAYS**—S. G. Leonard, Atlantic Monthly Press.

An interesting collection of modern plays for high school study and dramatization. Too many high schools have tried to keep up with the entire output of modern plays, and this book is compiled with the objective of giving some of the best to the high schools.

**A DUTCH BOY FIFTY YEARS AFTER**—Edward Bok, Charles Scribners' Sons.

An abridged edition of "The Americanization of Edward Bok" renamed. An autobiography, narrating the experiences of a Dutch immigrant to these shores and his subsequent success, which won the Joseph Pulitzer Prize.

**SOCIAL BACKGROUNDS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE**—R. P. Boas, Atlantic Monthly Press.

This book aims to present to students sufficient information to make clear the life and thought which have produced the literature of England. The needs of students in American schools and colleges have governed the choice of material and method of treatment.

**ESSAYS AND ESSAY-WRITING**—W. M. Tanner, Atlantic Monthly Press.

A collection of short, familiar essays, published anonymously in the "Contributors' Club" of the Atlantic Monthly and especially edited for the use of students.

**ATLANTIC NARRATIVES—MODERN SHORT STORIES**—Edited by C. S. Thomas, Atlantic Monthly Press.

A collection of short stories for use in the Secondary Schools. They are simple, direct and filled with incidents of common and elemental experience to interest the younger class of readers.

MIRIAM D. WALDRON, '24,



The Alumni editor regrets that lack of space necessitates the omitting or cutting of contributions sent to her, but hopes the following excerpts will prove of interest to all.

It is not often that we former graduates have a message for the present and future students of our high school, but the urgent appeals of your alumni editor have roused me to action. Perhaps my story is an old one, but I think it deserves your attention.

Sometime ago in our sociology class we were required to prepare a paper on "Our Ideal School" which was to be the basis for the next day's recitation. The ideas brought forth were excellent, and without exception each paper stressed the necessity for beauty of some kind in the school. Our teacher heartily agreed with us. Then, much to my surprise and much more to my dismay, because it was my school, she told of a certain very beautiful high school, in fact, the most beautiful one in the United States, which she had at one time visited. While being shown through the building she came to those beautiful windows at both ends of our hall and paused to admire them. In a burst of enthusiasm she suddenly asked her guide if he could tell her what they stood for. And then—and this is what I want to call to your attention—that boy, a senior, who had passed by those windows over a dozen times a day during his four years of high school, admitted somewhat shamefully, I hope, that he could not tell her!

Do you realize that that teacher might judge us all as she did the



boy? Would you want her judgment to stand? Are you present students going on each day blind to the beauty around you as though it were not? Are you going to be judged as that boy was judged?

LORRAINE DEXTER, '23.

The High School student often devotes very little time to study and much to recreation. A senior who intends to enter college should put much of his time on his studies. In college, ranks come twice as hard as in high school. Upon entering college, one is put on his own responsibility, and the first semester is a very difficult one because life is so new.

The following suggestions might prove helpful to in-coming students:

1. Study each day and the finals will come very easily.
2. Above all—don't crib! It doesn't pay.
3. Don't be afraid to work a little harder than someone else.
4. Make friends and be someone on the campus—it impresses the professors!
5. Give a small amount of time to recreation.

SHERMAN ROUNSVILLE, '23.

When one goes away to college he must go with the idea of hard study foremost in his mind or he will be doomed to sad disappointment. Yet we remember that maxim "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" and so we never lack fun. One means of amusement is playing tricks on our fellow sufferers, but as everyone is good-natured and has his turn in the fun he laughs just as hard, if not harder, than those who "put it over" on him. The trick may be pulling your bedclothes out of the window in the middle of the night, putting your lights out of commission, setting several alarm clocks off in your room at the dead of night, or removing the door-knobs, so that you cannot revenge after one of these former tricks. So if you intend to come to college you will not lack fun; but come with a sweet disposition, or, you will be doomed to spend four miserable years at college.

MARY LYON WALDRON, '23.

## The Lament of Elsie Smith

“OH dear, what a terrible life,” thought Miss Elsie Smith Typewriter. Sometimes I think I’ll run away, my life is so dreary, but I know I shall be missed very much. Of course I’ll miss all my friends too, but then maybe they will realize what a help I have been to them.

“Oh—how that bell frightened me! Here comes the first period class and there’s my mistress. She is a very cute little girl with light hair and blue eyes. She is always very kind to me. Now she is cleaning my type. How gently she does it! Very differently from the boy who used me yesterday. Why, I thought he’d break my back bone, he was so rough. Since then, I haven’t been feeling well.

“Oh dear, I’m so hungry! I wonder how it would be to swallow one of these things they call tabulators. I think I’ll try. There! It tasted good, but what is that queer sinking sensation? And I have such a stomach! I think I have indigestion. Yes, here comes the teacher to examine me. I wish she would send for the doctor. Oh, what a pain! I’m sure I’m going to die. And she’s trying to help me but I am too far gone to be revived. At last, here comes Dr. Sanford (no relation to Henry)! Goodness! He says I will have to be operated on. Oh dear, I’ll never live through it. He seems very careful and I suppose it will soon be over but how nervous I feel! Oh how he hurts! At last he is all through. The teacher has just told my mistress to use me very carefully. Perhaps it was a good scheme after all, but I don’t think I shall ever swallow another one.

“And what do you think was the matter? He removed a tabulator key from my interior decorations. I feel better now!”

DELPHINA BROWN, '25.

## SHOWERS

(Concluded from Page 38)

shower we feel so refreshed that we are ready to start studying again with renewed vigor.

In taking a shower we stay under the warm water a few minutes and then let it gradually cool down until it is cold. We usually follow the shower by a good rub down. The hot water opens and cleanses the pores of the skin, and the cold water closes the pores and sends the blood from the skin, thus minimizing the chances of catching cold.

What new life a shower puts into us!

MILDRED A. BRADLEY, '24.



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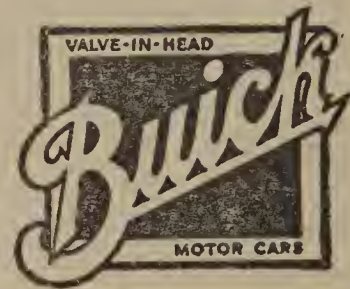
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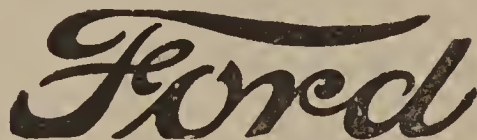
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